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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #50

(                    ) (                    )  
11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C.S.T.

FEBRUARY 2, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:      RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER:      "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" ---

ORCHESTRA:      QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: Well, here we are -- back to the Pine Cone District of the National Forest, where our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins is in charge, and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, is learning more and more what a many-sided job this ranger job is. The National Forests serve a vital function in protecting the watersheds of important rivers and streams and the sources of much of our water supplies needed for domestic and industrial use. They contain great stands of timber, now being managed for continuous yield. Their protection and development is the concern of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers, the wearers of the pine tree badge. -- Today, as we tune in on the Pine Cone District, we find Jerry down at the little Winding Creek post office after the noon mail --

JERRY:            Mail come in yet?

VOICE:           (SLIGHTLY OFF)    Yep. Here's yours.

JERRY:           Thanks. All official, isn't it?

VOICE:           (SLIGHTLY OFF)    Yep. 'Ceptin' one letter for Jim.

JERRY:           Yeah, that's right. Here's a personal letter for Jim. --  
Oh, hello, Mary.

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MARY: (COMING UP) Hello, Jerry. Has the mail come in?

JERRY: Yeah. I just got ours for the Station.

MARY: I wonder if there's any for me. -- (TO POSTMASTER)  
Have you any mail for Miss Halloway?

VOICE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes'm, Miss Halloway.

MARY: Oh thanks. -- Oh, look, Jerry, three letters! Isn't that nice.

JERRY: (PEEVISH) Another letter from that guy down in Willow Glen, I s'pose.

MARY: Why yes, so there is. He writes quite often.

JERRY: Yeah? I guess he wouldn't if he didn't get some encouragement.

MARY: Oh now, Jerry. You aren't going to start being grumpy again, are you? Why I haven't hardly seen you for more than a week. Tell me something about what you've been doing lately.

JERRY: Well - I've been helping Jim some on the relief work in this district. He's the key-man here for the unemployment relief work in this county, you know.

MARY: Yes, I know. He's been doing splendid work, too. Isn't it good to know that our destitute families are being taken care of.

JERRY: Yeah, I'll say so. You run up against some pathetic cases in this business.

MARY: Indeed you do. -- How is Jim, by the way? Last time I saw him he was still limping.

JERRY: Well, his knee's in pretty good shape now. Just a trace of a limp left, that's all.



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THE TWENTIETH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE TWENTY-FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE TWENTY-SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE TWENTY-THIRD PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE TWENTY-SIXTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE TWENTY-SEVENTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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MARY: Oh, I'm so glad to hear it.

JERRY: He gave it a pretty bad wrench, though. That was the day we went up to get the snow measurements - the day we had that big snow-storm.

MARY: Yes, I know.

JERRY: Jim's down at Willow Glen now.

MARY: Oh, is he?

JERRY: Yes. He went down there yesterday to help settle up a case, and I guess it took longer than he expected, because he didn't get back last night. I guess he'll be back some time today.

MARY: I see. -- What else have you been doing lately?

JERRY: Well, except for a little timber survey work, we've been working around the Station mostly. The heavy snow has kinda held up our road construction job, but if this warm weather we're having now keeps up, we oughta be able to send up our road crew again --- or part of 'em anyway.

MARY: Oh, I hope so. That'll mean more work for Mr. Armstrong, and he needs it so badly. -- His oldest girl is back in school, now, Jerry.

JERRY: Say, that's good. How's the teaching going now, Mary?

MARY: Oh, everything is going just fine, Jerry. It keeps me awfully busy, of course.

JERRY: Yeah, I guess it would. -- Say -- did you see that sign out in front of the store?

MARY: About the movies, you mean?

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JERRY: Yes. There's a movie tonight at the Lodge hall.  
Can't I take you to see the show, Mary?

MARY: Uh - I'm afraid I can't go, Jerry.

JERRY: Aw, Mary. Gosh, we don't get many movie shows up in this neck of the woods.

MARY: I know, Jerry, but you see, I have another engagement.  
-- With some friends.

JERRY: (HUFFY) Huh? You sure seem to have a lot of friends -- too darn many, I'd say.

MARY: (INDIGNANT) Oh, I do, do I? Am I going to have to account to you for all my friends?

JERRY: No, but --

MARY: Am I going to have to report to you every time I have another engagement?

JERRY: No, but listen --

MARY: I can't go to the movies with you tonight, thank you. And that's that.

JERRY: (HUFFY) All right. -- Goodbye.

MARY: (HUFFY) Goodbye.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF DOOR)

BESS: Oh, hello, Jerry. Been down to the post office?

JERRY: Yes.

BESS: Did you get the mail?

JERRY: Yes.

BESS: What's the matter, Jerry? You seem kind of put out about something.

JERRY: Nothing's the matter. -- Jim hasn't come back yet, huh, Mrs. Robbins?



BESS: Not yet, Jerry. I haven't heard from him this morning though, so I expect he'll be back before long now.

JERRY: Yeah, I guess so. Must've taken him longer to get his case settled up than he thought it would.

BESS: Yes.

JERRY: Hey, that sounds like his car out there now.

BESS: (GOING SLIGHTLY OFF, AS IF TO WINDOW)  
Yes, that's Jim. -- Here he comes --  
(SOUND OF STAMPING ON PORCH; SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: (COMING IN) Well -- howdy folks.

JERRY: 'Lo Jim.

BESS: Back again, Jim? You made quite a stay.

JIM: Yep. I told you I might have to stay over last night if I didn't get my business finished up.

BESS: Yes, I know. How are things in Willow Glen?

JIM: Very quiet. (CHUCKLING) Soon as I arrived in town, all the children ran indoors and hid under the bed, and nobody ventured out after dark --

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Yeah, the fierce-looking Ranger comes to town.

BESS: Oh, go on now, Jim -- Did you see the Ellsworths?

JIM: I had a talk with the Supervisor, but I didn't see Mrs. Ellsworth. I told Bert to tell her hello for us, though.

JERRY: How did you come out with your case, Jim? Get it settled up all right?

JIM: I guess so.





BESS: What was the case?

JIM: It was that shooting inside the boundaries of the game refuge a while back. You remember?

BESS: Oh yes. They shot a deer and then ran off and left it. Whoever did that certainly must have been a vile, shameless wretch!

JIM: Well, it turned out that the perpetrator of the crime was a poor badly scared kid, that didn't realize what he'd done. You remember that two other men heard the shots and reported seeing a car kiting out of there in a hurry?

BESS: Yes.

JIM: Well, they gave me a pretty good description of the car and its occupants. So after the Supervisor's office checked up on a few things for me, it looked like it must've been this young high school boy -- he's the son of a prominent dentist down there in Willow Glen.

BESS: It was he, then?

JIM: Yes. The kid owned up to it all right when we collared him. It seemed that he and some other young sprouts all got hold of their fathers' or somebody's guns and went out for a wild ride up into the Forest - taking pot shots at everything in sight along the way. They happened to come in sight of a bunch of deer feeding in that little meadow just inside the south line of the game refuge, and up comes this kid's gun and he takes a shot at the bunch and hits one of 'em. Soon as they saw the deer fall, though, the boys turned tail and scooted for home. That was when the two men saw 'em.



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JERRY: Yeah. They reported it right away.

JIM: Yep. -- Well, I went to see the kid's father yesterday. The law prescribes a pretty stiff penalty for shooting game inside the refuge, but the father said he wanted the kid to take his medicine. So we took the kid before the judge this morning and the judge imposed a fine. The boy's dad was mighty decent about it, -- he said he thought it was partly his fault for not taking the time to impress on the kid the idea of good sportsmanship.

JERRY: Well, I guess the boy knows what it's all about now.

JIM: I s'pect so. -- Any mail today, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: What's in it?

JERRY: I don't know. I haven't opened the official mail yet. -- Here's a personal letter for you, Jim.

JIM: Oh yes -- thanks (TEARS OPEN LETTER) -- Oh Bess, here's a letter from our old friend Ranger Bill Wilson. -- You remember him -- up on the Montezuma National Forest?

BESS: Yes, indeed. What does he say?

JIM: Well, let's see -- He says he just celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a ranger in the Forest Service. Twenty-five years on the Montezuma. -- Hmm. --

JERRY: Gosh! that's a long time.

JIM: Oh, not so long when you look back at it. -- Bill Wilson's a good ranger (CHUCKLES) and he's had some experiences. -- I first knew him when he was stationed down at Dolores, and in those days Dolores was supposed to be pretty tough town. They used to say there wasn't a house in town that had a square corner --

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they'd all been shot off in gun fights. Those were the days of the range wars and Bill had a great time keeping his sheep and cattle permittees apart.

JERRY: I thought last summer the range war days were still with us.

JIM: Yep. Then he transferrred over to Norwood and that town claimed to be tougher than Dolores ever was. (CHUCKLES) One time a fellow came into Wilson's office and started to get abusive. Bill was having trouble enough right then trying to get his old type-writer to spell right -- those old one-horse power typewritin' machines we used to have never would spell worth a darn -- so when this fellow tried to emphasize his remarks by pulling his gun, Bill gets up and the next thing the fellow knew he landed out in the middle of the street and his six gun right after him.

JIM: (LAUGHING) He got some action, huh?

JIM: Yep -- and when the Marshall came up and wanted to know what the trouble was (CHUCKLE) Bill just dusted off his hands, and says "Wasn't any trouble at all." The Marshall says, "Well looks like you're right." -- (CHUCKLES) There used to be a newspaper reporter that was always looking for a story, and every time Bill rode through town this fellow wanted to know where he was going or where he had been and everything. One night Bill came in from Mancos feeling pretty tired. "Where you been today Mr. Wilson?" the reporter sings out. "Up above timberline fighting fire" says Bill -- There wasn't any snow in the town but it was six feet deep up on the mountain. The reporter was so busy taking it down that he didn't see everybody grinning and next morning the paper came out with a big fire story (CHUCKLES) It was a long time before that reporter would talk to Bill again.

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(JERRY AND BESS LAUGH)

JIM: Bill says here that when his time comes to retire he's going to stay right there in the same place. He wants to be sure his old District won't run away.

BESS: I guess I know someone else that will feel the same way about it, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I guess maybe you do, Bess. -- Well, let's look over the rest of this mail here, Jerry.

JERRY: All right.

JIM: By the way, -- I learned something down at Willow Glen this morning that might interest you folks.

JERRY: What was that?

JIM: Our old friend Mike Bundy's been let out of jail --

JERRY: Finished his sentence?

JIM: Yep. And I heard he went right to work and got himself all charged up on squirrel whiskey, and was headin' up this way in a pretty ugly mood.

BESS: Oh, dear, are we going to have that horrid Mike Bundy around here again!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADEIN WITH TYPEWRITER CLICKING)

JERRY: There. That finishes that. (FEW MORE CLICKS)  
Want to sign it Jim?

JIM: I reckon. Let's look 'er over.

JERRY: Here y'are.

JIM: Mmmmm -- Ain't that the schoolma'm goin' by out there?

JERRY: (DISINTERESTEDLY) Yeah.

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JIM: School must be out. It's later than I thought it was. --  
I guess she's on her way down to the store.

JERRY: Yeah, I guess so.

JIM: What's the matter? You two been squabbling again?

JERRY: N-no, - uh - I guess not.

JIM: Going to the movies tonight?

JERRY: No.

JIM: Uh huh. (CHUCKLES) I see. -- I see. -- (PAUSE) I  
s'pose you're just lookin' out the window at the  
scenery. (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: (DISINTERESTEDLY) Yeah. -- (PERKING UP) Say, that  
looks like Mike Bundy down the road there --

JIM: Bundy?

JERRY: (SUDDENLY EXCITED) Hey! He's stopping Mary! Won't  
let 'er go by!

JIM: Huh?

JERRY: (GOING OFF) Gosh!

(SOUND OF JERRY TEARING OUT, SLAMMING DOOR)

(SOUND OF JERRY RUNNING)

JERRY: (SHOUTS, RUNNING) Hey, take your hands off that girl!

MARY: (SLIGHTLY OFF, HALF SOBBING) Leave me alone, I tell  
you! (CLOSER TO MIKE) Leave me --

JERRY: (PANTING SLIGHTLY) Hey, you -- !

MARY: Let go my arm! You're hurting me! -- Oh Jerry!  
Make him --

JERRY: You leave that girl alone!

BUNDY: Huh?

JERRY: Let go 'er, I tell you!

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BUNDY: (DRUNKENLY) Say, you're the guy that got me sent up,  
-- ain't you? Just the guy I was alookin' for  
(SOUND OF SMACK) Howzat? Huh?

MARY: Oh Jerry, he hit you!

JERRY: Hey -- what -- ?

BUNDY: (MUTTERING) I'll learn yuh -- (ANOTHER SMACK)--  
'bout stickin' yer nose in --

MARY: (SCREAMS) Jerry! -- Stop it, you -- !

JERRY: Hey -- what the -- ! Hit a fellow that way, would  
yuh! -- Look out, Mary! Lemme soak 'im -- !

(SOUND OF TWO MEN SCUFFLING, MUTTERING, & GRUNTING, WITH MARY  
YELPING ON SIDE-LINES. ENDS WITH DECISIVE SMACK)

MARY: Jerry! -- You knocked him down!

JERRY: Yeah -- Stand up, you bum! -- And I'll --

JIM: (COMING UP) Say, what's going on here -- huh? Say,  
Bundy --

JERRY: Let 'im stand up again! -- I'll knock his block off!

JIM: Easy there. That's enough of that.

JERRY: Yes sir.

JIM: Here, Bundy -- here now. -- (HELPING HIM UP) Up on  
your feet now -- That's it -- Kind of rocky, huh?

BUNDY: (MUMBLES) Durn meddler -- durn young --

JIM: You better get along home, Bundy. Home with you --

BUNDY: (GOING OFF, MUTTERING) He better look out -- that  
young feller -- he better --

MARY: Oh Jerry, I was scared to death!

JERRY: The drunken bum! -- I ought to've --

MARY: I'm so glad you came, Jerry. He wouldn't let go my  
arm, and I was -- Oh Jerry, look! Your hands are all  
bleeding!





JERRY: Aw, that's nothing, Mary -- Say, listen, Mary, I'm sorry I got so grumpy down at the post office this noon. I was kinda peeved because --

MARY: Oh never mind that, Jerry. -- You didn't give me a chance to explain that I was going to be busy with some of the parents -- about school matters.

JERRY: I know -- I kinda flew off the handle. --

JIM: Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah?

JIM: Come over here a minute. I want to talk to you.

JERRY: Yes sir. -- 'Scuse me, Mary.

MARY: Surely.

JERRY: What is it, Jim?

JIM: (STERNLY) Look here now, young fellow -- Do you think it's becoming to the dignity of a Forest officer to engage in street brawls like this?

JERRY: But Jim, he was picking on Mary -- he had ahold of her arm -- and besides, he hit me first.

JIM: Pleading self-defense, eh? I don't s'pose you stopped to consider there might be other ways of handling the situation?

JERRY: N-no. -- I'm sorry if I did something I shouldn't have, Jim.

JIM: Yes? -- Well now -- Hmm -- (CHUCKLES) that was sure a healthy clip you landed on old Bundy's beezers, Jerry -- (MORE CHUCKLES) Floored 'im cleaner 'n a whistle.

(FADEOUT WITH JIM AND JERRY LAUGHING)



ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like old Bundy's sojourn in jail didn't sweeten his disposition any.

Each Thursday at this time we look in on the Pine Cone Ranger District of the National Forest, "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is brought to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

is/9:40 A.M.

Jan. 31, 1933



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